

WM. T. LOGAN, Editor.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1862.

The Champions of Liberty.

In contemplating the trivial and pernicious condition of the country, and the inevitable and certain ruin which the weakness, corruption, and folly of Lincoln's Administration is precipitating upon a confiding and submissive people, one loses in amazement at the deliberate and systematic steps which these usurpers have openly and persistently pursued to accomplish their aims, and to annihilate every vestige of Constitutional and civil liberty, so long the cherished heritage and boast of the true American citizen.

All this monstrous and daring usurpation of power to accomplish the fell and wicked purposes of these Abolitionists has been done in the face of, and utter defiance of a well-known public statement in the Northwestern States, which was conservative, loyal, and patriotic, and opposed to the wild and reckless schemes of these conspirators against the peace and security of the country, as embodied and guaranteed to us in the great Magna Charta of our National Independence.

The Democratic party have ever been the true and natural protectors and guardians of these sacred and inalienable rights, and to her public writers, statesmen, and conductors of the press devolved the duty as vigilant and faithful sentinels upon the watch-tower of liberty to warn the people against the insidious encroachments, which a domestic enemy has been making to undermine and destroy our strong defenses of national, and, of late, well-defined principles of constitutional liberty.

But alas! how few have proven firm, steadfast, and unshaken before the violence of that sudden and terrible storm of fanaticism, culminated upon the installment of Lincoln and his Cabinet into power, and to those fanned into vindictive hate and violence by the furious zeal of a religious sentiment under the auspices of a clergy who assumed to utter the mandates and decrees of Heaven, with a blasphemy only equaled by the blood of the sacrifices over which they have presided. The voice of the true Christian and patriot appealing to these madmen for a peaceful solution was mocked and derided as the pitiful shrieks of treason and of sympathizers with rebellion. The manly and patriotic minds of Senator Douglass on the 15th of March, 1861, in the then full Senate of the United States, which expressed the true sentiments of the American people, North and South, as opposed to war and the spirit of coercion and conquest, fell powerless and dead before the great Jugger-nut of negro supremacy, which Lincoln had set up, and to which the American people were to bow down themselves and worship, under the bams and penalties of military arrests and of American battles.

Shades of Hammon and Patrick Henry! where had the genius of liberty fled that we were thus led to groan and moan ourselves at the shrine of such an altar? Yes, it was treason to express any doubts as to the power and supremacy of the President to coerce the seceding States—to crush and subdue the South—to confiscate and lay waste by fire and sword that fair heritage of revolutionary valor, was the warranty of the Abolitionists—that the American citizens of African parent might be clasped in their arms as a friend and a brother; Fort Warren and Lafayette with a thousand petty provost marshals were the legitimate instruments of tyrants to enforce and compel submission to the arbitrary acts of a despot assuming absolute power above law and constitution, over the lives and liberty of American citizens. One after another our champions of free speech and a free press retired from the stern conflict and were either silenced and subdued by the pharisee and taedium of the hour, or were forced into false ranks, so called, with a false and lockmeyed plow of loyalty and submission to a tyranny that was hateful to every manly heart, and at war with every high and exalted hope of the patriot's soul.

Excellent Service in the Department Worth Reward—Major Jack Downing.

What's up, Boss?" says Linkin. That's the name he calls Seward by. "Oh, sir, he rubs his hands, "don't you see by the papers what a large amount of money the merchants of York are advancing for the poor, patient, ailing Englishman?"—He sighs. "I'm afraid he'll never get well again."—The next day after the Massacre, even Mr. Sumner, who had the most avowed sympathy with all the rebels, I told him, "Major, perhaps you'd like to see the Kernel."—He said, "Yes, I'd like to see him."

You may look around the vast area of our Northern States and count her leading men, and you will find only here and there a true and noble specimen of manly independence—of valor—of worth—who stood up nobly in the dark of hour, to vindicate the honor of America on liberty, and defy the power of the tyrant. Many of these were arrested, victim after victim, by the base minors of power, our own Chief Magistrate assuming the opposite character of basit, to arrest a leading and prominent citizen of Ohio, without authority or due process of law,

and tore him from the bosom of his family at night, and consigned him, a victim of political hate, to the judgment of Justice. He was there to linger in "chains and slavery," to wait the slow torturing, and devilish purpose of Seward's agents or of Lincoln's cold, cunning, and plotting schemes of absolute power to crush the sentiments of liberty and patriotism from the breast of an American citizen, until a mandate came in thunder tones from Fairfield, demanding his unconditional release.

Amidst this terrific and wide-spread fanaticism of vengeance and of hate, which spared neither age, nor sex, or exalted worth, from an ex-Governor, Judge, or Senator, to the youth of tender years, and the lady of refinement and education, but consigned all to the basest of the republic, a few bold and chivalrous spirits were found to defy the power of the tyrant and resist his authority. Among these stands out proudly and prominently an estimable and accomplished citizen of Ohio, who singly and alone breasted, in Congress and before the people of his District, that relentless storm of vengeance, and maintained boldly before the world the sublime spectacle of a citizen without fear, and a patriot and statesman without reproach, maintaining the dignity and independence of an American citizen. He has thus impressed upon the pages of our future history an episode amidst the horror and corruption of the period which will hand down the name of C. L. VAILLANTSHAM to latest time as one of the boldest and most fearless champions of civil, religious, and political liberty, which the annual of this international war has produced. Yet all the zeal and eloquence of VAILLANTHAM and those few gallant and undaunted followers within the halls of Congress—REEDERSON, VOORHES, WHITE, ALLEN, PENNIGTON and others, were powerless to arrest and hold in check the rapid strides which Abolitionism in power was making to subvert and destroy the Union and the Constitution as it was. The people, in the meantime, had caught the spirit of the martyrs and apostles of liberty, and, aided by the spirit-stirring appeals of the Democratic editors who scorned to bow before the tyranny sought to be exercised over them, came up in the months of October and November, from the Hudson to the Mississippi, and pronounced their crushing and withering verdict against the schemes of Lincoln and his Cabinet.

It is a singular and remarkable fact, in the compilation of this extraordinary revolution, and combination of old parties, that the latent element of the Old Line Whig organization has been ever potent and powerful to defeat and embarrass the wise, conservative, and patriotic measures and policy of the Democratic party. Those of the more prominent leaders in the West, who foresaw the inevitable and final dissolution of the party, and perceived its inherent tendency under the tariff system to amalgamate with the Abolitionists of New England, withdrew from the wicked and corrupt contamination, and with the spirit of patriotism and magnanimity uniting themselves to the conservative and national policy of the true Democracy of the Northwest, and are to-day leading the battle of their great leader HENRY CLAY. But the masses under the auspices of New England leaders, and such moderate and contracted minds as SCHENCK, GARRETT DAVIS, and others, are found the most tame and submissive slaves to tyranny and arbitrary power. It would seem that the old longing spirit of partisan jealousy had matured into deadly hate, and that they would rather see the ruin and desecration of every pure and elevated sentiment of patriotism, than that a restoration to a fraternal peace and cheery Union should triumph under the auspices of a champion of Democratic faith.

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Linkin didn't seem to like the story much, for says he, "Major, I think you are getting kinder personally."—I say, "Linkin, don't come to me, but you know where I sometimes fit clearer than you think for when we tell to tell them."

Linkin bowed down with his church-yard smile. See he, "Good mornin', Mr. President; I've got good news from England. There won't be any intercession now, and the rebellion will be over in sixty days. My friend Weed thinks so, too."

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ward thinks that his written letters to Europe is going to overthrow the rebellion. Chase thinks it can't be done except by his greenbacks and fresh negroes. Old grandfather Wells is sure there is nothing that will restore the Union except gunboats, while Blair feels sure that he has got to it by means of Democratic papers. See he, "Why don't you change em?" "Wal," says he, "what's the use of swappin' jackets? There ain't nothin' to be made by it. No, I won't change my Cabinet unless I'm driv to it. It's bad enough now, but the Lord only knows what it might be if I only undertake to change it."

I was in hopes I could induce Linkin to put in some new men, and get out Seward, Chase, Stanton and Blair. But it's no use. So we shall jog along after the old fashion. Where we shall be in the Spring, no one kin tell. Congress has gone to work in earnest to fix up the finanace, and to take care that the Democrats don't use Linkin for suspending the habeas corpus. The slantropists are busy, and they are going to give all the negroes here a Christmas dinner, which, I suppose, is expected to last 'em the year round. Katie is like a Turk one day and starvin' 365, in accordin to my ideas, a poor way of livin."

Yours till death,

MAJOR JACK DOWNTON.

(Extract from a Letter on the Battle Field.)

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